

The Notre Dame Scholastic

·DISCE·QVASI·SEMPER·VICTVRVS· ·VIVE·QVASI·CRAS·MORITVRVS·

VOL. XXXVII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 16, 1904.

No. 27.

A Vision.

THOMAS A. HAMMER, '06.

SHE stood beneath a barren tree
In garments snowy white;
Modest she was and fair to see,
A picture of delight.

The tree, like Aaron's rod, methought,
Awoke to bud and bloom,
From which the quiet air was fraught
With blossom-sweet perfume.

I paused before her standing there,
And asked, "Who may you be?"
She raised her eyes cast down in prayer,
Then answered, "Purity."

The Study of History.

[This article, from the pen of Professor John G. Ewing, head of the department of History and Economics at Notre Dame, was written by request for the current number of the *Columbiad*, the official organ of the Knights of Columbus.]



WITH the exception of philosophy, there is no study to which man can devote himself so conducive to right thinking and so productive of right living as history. For history is philosophy teaching by example. As the wise man is skilled in philosophy which explains unto him the riddle of himself and the universe, and through theology, both natural and revealed, uplifts him to the knowledge of God, so is he led in the paths of righteousness by the examples that history gives in confirmation of the precepts of philosophy and which it sets forth for his imitation or avoidance.

Ample provision having been made by

proper foundations for chairs in Sacred Theology and Philosophy in the Catholic University, the Order of the Knights of Columbus have properly striven to secure for the University an endowment of a Chair of History. It is true that a Chair of Ecclesiastical History is founded in the University, and that we are endowing what is known as the Chair of Secular History. But history, as I view it, is one and indivisible. It is the study of man in society. You can not treat separate and apart the history of either the Church or the State. The story of either is unintelligible without an understanding of that of the other. For while both are polities or societies, they are composed of the same individuals.

Excepting philosophy, in no field is there such need of devotion to truth on the part of both teacher and student as in the field of history. For the average man is, above all things, practical and disposed to put upon one side as impracticable that which is presented to him in an abstract or theoretic fashion. Above all is this true of those men and nations that in the estimation of their day have succeeded. Man is struck by results. He is influenced powerfully by example, and but slightly by precept. In the pages of history, in its effects as shown in the lives of men, and in its influence as seen in the future of nations, he seeks and finds the determination of the worth of any and every theory of faith. The false or inaccurate presentation of the facts of the past has, far more than any argument against doctrine or theory, determined the belief of man. Our countrymen have been more influenced by the story of the past of the Church as it has been told them, in the judgment they render upon her and the worth of her doctrines, than by any considerations of her sweet reasonableness or her wonderful and lucid explanation of the problem of man and the universe. "By their

fruit shall you know them" is the practical test men present to determine the merits of any theory or faith, and to the pages of history do they appeal for the evidence.

Hence the need of a truthful, exact telling of the story of man's past. Needless is it to say that when we consider how, as a rule, it has been told, we are struck with its untrustworthiness. Man being a creature of beliefs and passions, the past has ever been told by one who holds a brief. While this is a subject of lament by some, and while there is a vigorous school that to-day seeks to reduce history to a recital of facts, yet if the brief is held for the truth, the story thus told is the only true history. Your minute and exhaustive researches, pointing no moral and unfolding to the ordinary man no tale, never will appeal to him. From them he will turn to the pages of so unscientific historians as Livy, Gibbon or Macaulay, for in them he reads a story more fascinating than any either poet or novelist can tell, and in them further he sees a purpose and learns a lesson.

The object we seek, therefore, in establishing this chair in the field of historic research and teaching is twofold. Those historians of to-day who pride themselves in the scientific character of their work, have shown the worth and necessity of seeking and setting out each and every fact, and that in its true proportions. In the suppression of facts, even more than in the wilful assertion of unfacts, lies the fault of the greater part of our historical writers. Herein our Catholic writers "to save their face," as the Chinese say, have often erred. To suppress the scandals and to cover over the ugly spots in the lives of Churchmen has often, it would seem, been considered by them necessary for the advancement of God's kingdom. How different herein is God's way as shown us in the pages of Holy Writ. They would have covered the sin of David, and kept silent on the treason of St. Peter to his Master. There always comes to me in this connection the words of Robert Louis Stevenson in his defense of Father Damien: "The truth that is suppressed by friends is the readiest weapon of the enemy." History to be truthfully written must no more suppress than it would falsify. It is not only because of falsification or suppression of facts that we appeal against the current histories. The manner in which you marshal your facts counts. How often is there not forgotten that truth that the sentiments and ideals of men

change with the ages. It is lamentable how partisans will read into the story of the past the sentiments, the ideals of to-day, and so mar the true history of men's acts. The case of Grote and Thirlwall at once comes to mind. On a smaller scale can be seen the effects of this error over and again in the pages of our historians. First, therefore, seek we for true, full and accurate presentation of the facts of the historical past.

Still, even when these common errors have been avoided, as I have said, we have not history as men have read and ever will read it. History is philosophy teaching by example. No mere catalogue of facts, no arid, scientific treatment of them will content man. History so treated gives no result of use in this busy life of ours. There must be purpose shown in history when it is truly told. The finger of God has traced the lines. Unlike man, who in another world may reap reward or punishment, societies, which are not immortal, are judged here and find here their reward or punishment. To draw out this great lesson, to show how men and nations are here rewarded or suffer and die because of their obedience to or rebellion against the laws that God has laid down for their governance, is the task of the historian. Therefore, as I said, it is proper for history to be written with a purpose. But he who writes or teaches must so do with an eye single to truth and the whole truth,—knowing the facts of history and in naught extenuating. He must further be guided by a sound philosophy of life, such as only the Church of the living God can give unto him.

That for the Catholic and the non-Catholic in our land, the story of man may be taught in the light of these principles, so that it may become a lamp unto their feet, is the object we have sought in our endowment of the Chair of Secular History.

Robin Redbreast.

WHILE the robin is building his nest
High on the top of a tree,
The music that comes from his breast
Is the sweetest and dearest to me.

When the northerly winds have retreated
And the days have begun to grow long,
What a pleasure it is to be greeted
With his gladsome and musical song.

In the morn when the sun shines the brightest,
In the sweet gentle breezes of spring,
It is then that his heart is the lightest;
It is then that he's eager to sing.

C. H. J.

Arnold's Opportunity.

JAMES R. RECORD, '05.

It seldom happens that severe blizzards visit the Southwest; storms of sufficient violence to cause total suspension of traffic are practically unknown. At certain rare periods, however, they unfortunately occur. The chill northwest wind tempered neither by hill nor forest sweeps across the bare prairie; sharp snowflakes are hurled down from the Rockies in the face of the traveller, and the rancher must hasten to secure his flocks against the cold. Herds seek the sheltered ravines or protecting bluffs; the trains are hopelessly delayed by the hurricane; the drifting snow buries the trails; the stunted vegetation is concealed.

The hideous green of the northern horizon at sunset one afternoon warned passengers on the "Golden Gate Limited" that such a storm was rapidly brewing, and the sudden calm that overspread the plain deceived even the most wary into prophesying an ordinary electric display. By the time that Rock Valley was reached the wind, snow and sleet had attained such great fury that lights in the railroad yards were barely discernible, the switches were in a frozen condition and the station completely deserted. Conductor Hutchins of the "Limited" was somewhat surprised at the orders handed him by the shivering operator: "Take engine, baggage express and mail cars, leaving rest at Rock Valley, and pull No. 5 out of snow at Poteau." In compliance, the Pullmans were sidetracked and the relief outfit gotten under way.

Within three miles of Poteau, the engine was suddenly halted in answer to the vigorous flourish of a lantern, and three masked individuals sprang up into the cab. The ordinary formalities and customs preceding a robbery—the intimidating fusillade, display of formidable weapons, placing of explosives—dutifully performed, the bandits advanced to their important work. The booty was exceptionally heavy—valuable express packages, registered mail, treasury deposits, notes, certificates, jewelry. The robbers were evidently not amateurs; the general thoroughness of the job, the marked attention given to the slightest detail, the unquestioned skill of the safe blower, the caution and prudence displayed in every move bespoke vast experience. Absolutely no clew was

given either by word, action or otherwise.

The officials of the C and T, as might be expected, were grieved: this was the first robbery to occur on their inter-oceanic division, and the company itself suffered heavy pecuniary loss. The Mexican government also was robbed of a large sum; valuable papers relating to an important legal case in St. Louis were missing, not to recount the damage sustained by the express companies.

Who ordered the "Limited" to assist "No. 5?" The solution of the mystery obviously depended on the answer to this simple question. The dispatcher had denied sending it, so had the various station operators; no one heard the message going over the wires, but the Rock Valley agent easily established proof of his receipt of the order, properly signed and regularly drawn.

Assistant-chief of detectives Arnold of the C and T, in the absence of his superior, who happened to be on his annual inspection tour, took up the case with the ambitious ardor of a young sleuth. His store of professional knowledge was freely drawn on; as much talent both natural and acquired as the assistant possessed was brought into play; every nerve in his system was strained to the breaking point in an effort to strike a warm trail. A mere sense of duty did not impel these tremendous exertions; for he had a strong desire to please his absent chief who had always been kind and helpful.

The conduct of the present case meant much to both chief and subordinate—success insured a financial promotion; defeat—but Arnold had been discharged before and could undergo the sensation again. However, he seldom considered the latter; in fact, he did not have time to think on subjects unconnected with the robbery. Fresh clews, though of little consequence, were unearthed daily and had to be examined thoroughly; many suspects were arrested and questioned but to no avail.

The mystery thickened with the sudden disappearance of the station agent at Poteau; some argued from blood stains visible on the floor that the unfortunate had been murdered; others, and they were in the majority, openly accused the missing operator of complicity in the hold-up. Future developments disproved both theories.

To complicate matters further, the C and T, reputed to be such a prosperous corporation, was forced without a day's notice into the hands of a receiver; a panic immediately

ensued in railroad stocks—the market was flooded with bonds, all of which, strange to say, were unhesitatingly bought up by a strange firm.

The detective force in the meantime continued its energetic search; the scene of the hold-up was visited numberless times; diligent inquiries were made among the neighboring farmers; no stone was left unturned, no clew neglected that might lead to the apprehension of the guilty parties. Such extraordinary devotion to duty must needs have its reward: Arnold succeeded in obtaining from an old woman at whose home the robbers had sought shelter during the terrific storm an important clew. Despite the fact that it was dangerously near midnight, the assistant, realizing that prompt action was necessary, hurried at once to the mansion of Chief Desmond. Long before he arrived there, however, Arnold became conscious of being closely followed; try as he might, the detective could not shake off his pursuer nor was he able to recognize the muffled figure. He turned suddenly, but even this move failed; the darkness revealed nothing but the hurrying steps of a belated citizen and the crouching body of a huge mastiff.

After prudent manœuvring, Arnold reached safely the chief's home and without delay was shown into the library. He was delighted to find there several important officials of the road, and the immediate departure of three strangers, business matters no doubt, enabled the detective to make known his errand.

The party was listening attentively to Arnold as he briefly unfolded his clew when suddenly there came from an inner room a low growl, followed by a second and a third. A series of whines, violent scratchings and one prolonged mournful howl interrupted the speaker. On continuing he was again startled by the same uncanny noise louder and nearer than before. It was plainly the cry of some distressed animal seeking relief and protection. When the door was opened a huge mastiff trembling with fear and snapping angrily at an empty mailsack, the clasp of which had treacherously pinioned the dog's paw, crept in. Without a second's delay Arnold released the imprisoned leg and gave the poor brute such a kick that he scampered from the room with Arnold in hot pursuit.

The dog led the detective to a miserable shanty near the Santa Fé yards in which were discovered the three bandits, the owners of the dog, with what little remained of their booty. Arnold recognized the prisoners as

the three strangers whom he had unwittingly surprised at Desmond's, and there the dog had followed its masters.

This arrest proved to be the most important ever made west of the Mississippi; besides the capture of desperate criminals more was accomplished—enough evidence was obtained to convict a ring of sagacious swindlers, among them Chief Desmond, three leading officers of the C and T and a wealthy broker of San Francisco. The grand jury indicted these men for train robbery, forgery and bribery. All are at present serving long terms in Arizona penitentiary.

The Life and Works of Robert Louis Stevenson.

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, '02.

PART III.

AN ESTIMATE ON STEVENSON'S WORKS.

From many sources, it will be found that Stevenson has been given a high place in the present-day literature—not the highest, perhaps, but a representative place and one that will likely last. The emphasis and sincerity that spring from a first-hand knowledge of life are the greatest virtues of any literary artist. We are taught to believe that the lawlessness and unrest of mediæval society were echoed in the work of the Elizabethans, while Browning's strenuous epilogue and Stevenson's thrilling tales of adventure belong more to an age of sedentary occupation. This is undoubtedly so; yet the authors are scarcely to be blamed for the times they lived in. Mr. Raleigh, an English critic, says that in so well-written a story as "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," the reader is unjustifiably cheated into attempting a natural solution of apparently inexplicable phenomena. Most assuredly the supernatural solution is no solution, and if there are an hundred ways of explaining the impossible by the impossible, how does this make against Stevenson's clever story?

The art of suggestion, so artfully used by Hawthorne, has been most creditably used by Stevenson. Hawthorne's treatment of the supernatural, whereby he neither affirms nor denies it, but creates its atmosphere and leaves the reader to please himself, has never been surpassed. And to a degree, Stevenson used suggestion in the manner Hawthorne did. The resources Stevenson used for evoking

terror, such as the pursuit of the hero by a frightful and malicious blind man ("Treasure Island") is an example of how the superhuman may be suggested by defect. This quality in him has been much commended.

Mr. Brander Matthews takes the two salient qualities in Stevenson's writings to be vigor and variety: the vigor that possesses one chancing to read any of Stevenson's works and which causes him to read them all; and the variety and number of works written by a man all the time in the shadow of death. This American critic is disposed to call Stevenson a poet of distinction, if not of high achievement. It is true, that "A Child's Garden of Verses" is very unlike any rimes of the earlier poets, yet, with due respect to Mr. Matthews, Stevenson hardly did lasting work in verse if several of his Scott's dialect pieces do smack of the real Burns.

Stevenson was a writer of original and charming travel-sketches; and he showed a detachment of the man from his circumstances in "An Inland Voyage" unattempted by anybody before. And beside this Stevenson was a biographer and a critic. His life of "Fleeming Johnson may only be an example of the workmanlike fashion," but his critical notions on men and books were exceedingly sane, while he was one of the few British critics capable of appreciating Walt Whitman; and as for Thoreau, this American was one of the strongest influences which moulded Stevenson,—after Scott, Thoreau was quite the strongest influence. Stevenson was also a piquant and individual essayist of the race and lineage of Montaigne, of Lamb, and of Lowell. He was as much absorbed in life as in literature—he would see for himself. He was always inquiring and acquisitive; he had philosophical standards of his own which he used to measure men and manners, yet he was never intolerant or insincere.

However, it is as a story-teller that Stevenson's works will be the most likely to live; for here he revealed his greatest variety. Stevenson tried four kinds of fiction. In "The New Arabian Nights," and its sequel, the "Dynamiter," he told the tale of fantasy with an invention and ingenuity unequalled certainly since Poe published "Tales of the Grotesque and the Arabesque." In the "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and in "Markheim," it is agreed that Stevenson gave the strongest stories of introspection and imagination since Hawthorne's "Scarlet

Letter," and "Marble Faun." In "Kidnapped," "David Balfour," and the "Master of Ballantrae," he probably wrote the most vivid and actual Scotch romances since Scott's time. And in the few tales like "The Wrecker," he successfully applied his art to the deification of the detective-story. As for "Treasure Island," American and British critics are disposed to put that in a class by itself, as it is Stevenson's happiest work and classes near Robinson Crusoe.

Mr. Brander Matthews says that Stevenson was a romanticist to the backbone. Nevertheless, if his notions on romance and the novel differed markedly from other workmen of his time, Stevenson was consistent with his beliefs. He preferred the improbable to the inevitable. He differed diametrically from Henry James who tries to keep the unpleasant and essentially violent happenings behind the curtain; for Stevenson put passionate character against passionate character, and if blood would be spilled in the encounter he took the occasion to be an unavoidable necessity. Mr. Howells could never reconcile himself to Stevenson's off-hand treatment of the exceptional and the abnormal, and Stevenson complained of the narrow convictions of Mr. Howells, though he appreciatively declared him to be a poet, a finished artist, a man in love with the appearances of life, and a cunning reader of the mind.

Stevenson was a born story-teller like Scott, but at the same time he was master of his craft and an untiring worker in his art, which Scott was not. Stevenson did not attain the mastery of form of Maupassant, nor that relish for technicalities that Kipling affects. Beside he has been criticised for a lack of female interest in his stories; and we must admit that his feminine creations are not entirely full and satisfactory. Undoubtedly the women in "David Balfour" and "Catriona" come nearest the required standard. But when Stevenson's narrative skill, his fertility of invention, his grasp of the male character, and his insight into human nature are dwelt upon, this defect should be somewhat lost sight of.

A growing class of appreciative readers enthuse much over Stevenson's "Will o' the Mill." It is one of the sweetest and gentlest stories ever written by a man who could write: "I know what pleasure is, for I have done good work." In his subtle skill of introducing a tender human quality, Stevenson's art was sure. The tendency at present is against the long-drawn-out novel—persons now want

brevity, conciseness, and above all, heart. As we have all along insisted, Stevenson did have heart. Mr. George Saintsbury wrote of "Will o' the Mill": "Stevenson never did better work than this. It seems to me to be of those deathless things that leap only from inspired pens—great in its simplicity and splendid in its unpretentiousness."

And assuredly, whatever Stevenson laid his pen to, his style is that of a man who had learned to make words do his bidding. He was awake to the striking and apt phrase, and he always labored to escape the commonplace and the conventional. If he sometimes did go to an extreme, when carried by the enthusiasm of his quest, he never fell into that self-consciousness which has been charged to much of Walter Pater's writing. In this connection it might be noted that "Prince Otto" suffered the most from over-carefulness in style—a defect attributed by some to the influence of Mr. George Meredith; but Walt Whitman's sturdiness of style is found in the "Open Letter" on Father Damien.

Mr. James said that much as Stevenson cared for his phrase, he cared more for life and for a certain transcendently lovable part of it. This Mr. James thought to be "the respectable, desirable moral." To Mr. Matthews there seems little need to seek a moral between the lines, for he says that Stevenson was a true Scotchman, and what Scotchman could ever forget the chief end of man? This seems to be plausible. Perhaps no one but a New Englander could have written "Scarlet Letter," and quite likely no one but a Scotchman could have written "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

As is pertinently remarked by Mr. John Burroughs, the day inevitably comes when every writer must take his place with the throngs of the past where the partiality of his friends can no longer keep alive his reputation and no new work from his pen can call attention to him afresh. The question is how will it fare with him then? The spirit of the author's day has given place to the spirit of a new and a different day, and as fashions of the world pass away so do fashions in thought, in style, humor, and in morals. These do not endure in this world without 'a certain singleness and continence.' This is true in all art. Excesses, irregularities, violences, kill man and such kill books too. Only the honest book can live, for absolute sincerity and honesty alone can stand the test of time. Probity, directness,

simplicity, sincerity and love—these are the staple and fundamental human virtues, and these are the qualities that make up literary value. Because of these virtues the Bible and the immortal writings of Bunyan, Walton and Defoe will always interest. Such qualities made Stevenson call "Two Years before the Mast" the best sea-story in the language—which, as many believe, it is. We must here admit that such human interest and probity and singleness of purpose is shown in none of Stevenson's books, though in places Stevenson's tales come very near that requirement.

An English critic has charged Stevenson with "externality," but Sydney Colvin satisfactorily disposes of that charge. And when we consider such passages in Stevenson's works as the sea-frenzy of "Gordon Darnaway," or the dialogue of "Markheim" with his other self in the house of murder, or the rebaptism of the spirit of "Seraphina" in the forest dews, or the failure of "Herrick" to find in the waters of the island lagoon a last release from dishonor, or the death of "Goguelat," or the appeal of "Kirstie Elliot" in the midnight chamber—these and a score of other passages should be sufficient to dispose of the charge of "externality." Passages like the above get at the essential poetry and significance of things as when revealed to masters only. It is true that Stevenson preferred to leave that unexpressed which he could not express well, and that he always leaned toward a complete mastery of the means used; but on whatever topic he wrote, whether its purpose was serious or pleasurable, he frequently struck the heart of life and the inwardness of things.

Again, because Stevenson admitted that in his apprentice days he played the "sedulous ape" to many writers, some have classed him among writers whose inspiration is imitative and second hand. Stevenson was a great reader, and took what was good wherever he might find it; but anyone at all acquainted with the habits of his life and work must know that it was life not books that, in the highest degree, allured and taught him. As Mr. Colvin has quoted in a similar connection:

He loved of life the myriad sides,
Pain prayer, or pleasure, act or sleep,
As wallowing narwhals loved the deep.

The books Stevenson most loved were those that took firm hold on his heart, that told of moods, impressions, experiences,

pains, pleasures, opinions, or conflicts that in his life had at one time or another been his own. His friends assert that no man was ever less inclined to take anything at second-hand. He had much originality; he had vividness of perception; he had imagination and feeling. There was an instinctive and inbred unwillingness in Stevenson to accept the accepted, which sometimes was very bothersome to his intimates. And the fact that he would not conform to the conventional was the essence of Stevenson's character, whether in life or art, and was a source to him both of strength and of weakness. Sometimes—much to his discredit—Stevenson would not follow a general rule of conduct unless his private conscience and experience told him that it was right. He would not wear the conventional style of clothes unless he felt comfortable in them and thought by wearing them he might still be himself. He was of the same mind in regard to the trite and accepted in verbal expression. While he may here be criticised for a certain stubbornness of independence, he can scarcely be charged with imitation.

He called persons "damp ginger-bread puppets" who always lived and thought just as was expected of them. And in a fit of disgust he once wrote: "To see people skipping all around us with their eyes sealed up with indifference, knowing nothing of the earth, or man or woman, going automatically to offices and saying they are happy or unhappy, out of a sense of duty, I suppose, surely at least from no sense of happiness or unhappiness, unless perhaps they have a tooth that twinges—is it not like a bad dream?" No, Stevenson was indeed many-mooded, but at all times sincere and real; and he did not have it in him to pose for anything but what he truly was.

He may have had in mind the precedent of Poe when he conceived his tales of mystery and allegory; yet Stevenson has nothing of style or temper in "Markheim" and "Jekyll and Hyde" which is at all like "The Murderers in the Rue Morgue" or "William Wilson." He may set out to tell a pirate story for boys as he says "exactly in the ancient way," and it will come from him not in the ancient way at all, but entirely reminted. He will mark it with a sharpness and saliency of character, give it a private stamp of buccaneering ferocity, a smiling humor, an energy of vision, and a vividness of presentment which are entirely his own.

The faults of "externality" or "imitativeness" are not the faults that will lose Stevenson his hold on the world of readers. But his sincerest and most admiring friend, Sydney Colvin, does cite the real points on which Stevenson's chances for immortality lie. Mr. Colvin does not allow his personal love for the author to bias his criticism, but says that before Stevenson's place in literature can be settled it must be decided whether the genial essayist and egoist or the romantic inventor and narrator was the stronger in him—whether the Montaigne and Peppys elements prevailed in his literary composition or the Scott and Dumas element. Also what degree of real truthful and illuminative power belongs to the gravely didactic gospels set forth so gracefully in his essays. And the most important question that Mr. Colvin asks is whether Stevenson had the power of happily inventing and soundly constructing a tale or romance as a whole equally as well as he is admitted to be able to present single scenes and situations. This approaches Stevenson's weakness. The question is, are his figures held by a true large, sustaining breath of creation, or are they animated at critical and happy moments by a flash of dramatic insight aided by a singularly perfected art? Some have contended that strong creative impulse and as keen an artistic self-consciousness as Stevenson's can not exist together. That contention, however, need not reflect on Stevenson's work, for creative impulse and artistic self-consciousness have existed in the same man, as the works of many of our artists prove.

Now the last question, and the one of all the most pertinent to this estimate, is the query whether Stevenson has really left an absolute masterpiece such as the future can not be expected to let die. We know that among the various works of this author—all touched with genius, all charming and literary—there is in places a precision of workmanship the very rarest in English art; yet, as a whole, will any of his works live? The answer to this must be left to the future. His friends, when dead like himself, can create no more interest in him; no new works can call attention to him afresh; and time alone can set the true literary value on Stevenson's works.*

* Much of the data used in the preparation of the biographical sketch was taken from Mr. Graham Balfour's "Life of Stevenson," and Mr. Sydney Colvin's "The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson."

Varsity Verse.

THE UNION IDEA.

(With no apologies to Kipling)

I went into a butcher shop to buy a small calf's head,
The butcher showed me two or three; I looked them
o'er and said,—

"I thought this was a union shop—I buy no other meat."
The butcher smiled and bowed. Says he: "Kind sir;
just take a seat.

"It's union heré and union there—God save our blessed
States;

"And I'll give you all the meat you want at regular
union rates."

He took a great big butcher knife and cut the brains
away.

"Now, here's your meat, my friend," says he, "I'll send
it up to-day?"

"What makes that same calf's head a piece of union
meat," says I.

"I've cut the brains away," says he a laughing fit
to die,—

"It's union here and union there, God save our blessed
States!

And I give you all the meat you want at regular union
rates."

A. S. H.

THE SEDUCER.

Out of the night comes the song of the siren,
A wandering note on the voice of the wind,
Crying alliance with nations whose pillars
Stand at the will of some despot's mind.
Why should ye list to this note from the darkness,
Sons of your fathers that shouted it down?
Know ye the answer they made to its first sound?
'Twas the boom of the cannon at Concord town.

Think ye your sons would charge to the ramparts
Led thither by flags that their fathers knew not?
No; by our history! retreat would be better
Even than victory at such a price bought.
What nation dare sully your emblem of Freedom?
Would ye of yourselves to its folds be untrue?
Just God! we do pray that Thou keepest forever
Old Glory unsullied, the Red, White and Blue.

C. K.

LIMERICKS.

At school Johnny ne'er understood
How a feller could always be good
So the teacher applied
The "Rule" as a guide,
'Twas not "golden"—but hickory-wood.

There was a young man from Dundee
Whose trousers were up in "high C,"
So just for a ruse
He put hay in his shoes,
"Twill coax my big calves down," quoth he.

F. A. K.

PATHETIC.

Dolly Gray, she had a brother,
Her brother's name was Bill;
Lent a dollar, Dolly's brother,
Good-bye, dollar bill.

J. C. Q.

The Katzenjammer Mystery.

JOSEPH P. O'REILLY, '06.

The Katzenjammer household was in a
flurry of excitement. It was nearly nine
o'clock at night, and those ever-troublesome
kids, Hans and Fritz, had not yet returned
home, although they had left the house early
in the morning. Often before, it is true, they
had remained away for long, but never until
such a late hour. The captain and his old
shipmate, Jake, were not much disconcerted
over their absence; they seemed rather to
enjoy it. But Mamma Katzenjammer, to say
the least, was worried. Every few minutes
she would run to the door and gaze anxiously
up and down the street. "Cap'n," said she
after one of these flying trips, "diss egg-site-
ments vill undoin'es me. Vy aindt it dot dem
kids come home yet?"

"Gast my flying spinnaker, if I know, ship-
mate," drawled the captain who was engaged
in a discussion of the wonderful strength of
their giant friend, Adolph. Ten o'clock came,
but not the kids, while Mamma Katzenjammer
was becoming more and more excited every
minute. Between crying and scolding and
running to the door she managed to awaken
the Salts to a realization of the trouble she
was in. "Heave to mate, heave to till we find
the kids," said Jake ending the discussion,
while both lighted their pipes, and putting
on their hats, went out to search for the
missing cherubs.

Eleven o'clock that night, Sergeant Casey,
the officer in charge of the North Side police
station, was surprised at receiving a visit from
Mamma Katzenjammer. She was crying and
seemed to be in great distress.

"What is it Madam?" asked the officer in
his gentlest tone.

"Vad, id iss, vad iss id" she shouted,—
"yah, dat iss id, vad id iss, iss id. I kwveschun
you, vad iss id?"

Casey could barely suppress a smile at this
almost overwhelming outburst of "vad iss ids."

"My dear Madam," he answered suavely—
"I'm sure I don't know what it is. At any
rate, I haven't seen it." This information
only served to increase her agitation.

"Ach, mine leedle Hans and mine leedle
Fritz," she cried "yuse iss losted, yuse iss
losted. Sum vun has alretty kidnappted yuse.
Ach, my, ach my, vy aindt you come py der

hoose yet." From this almost incoherent jargon, the Sergeant got an idea of what had happened, but it required all the diplomacy and tact at his command to get the true story. He pacified the old lady and sent her home in a pretty contented frame of mind, assuring her that the police would soon locate the missing darlings.

Murray, the day Sergeant at the Station, was perplexed. The police had searched all night, but had been baffled at every turn, and at 8 a. m. were still without a clew. To add to the mystery neither the captain nor his friend Jake had as yet returned. Murray decided that the case was more complicated than had at first appeared and was just on the point of 'phoning to headquarters for advice when Mrs. Katzenjammer came running into the room and thrust a note into his hand. She had found it in the morning under the door. The handwriting was barely legible and it was with difficulty he succeeded in deciphering it. It ran thus:

"2 ennyvun vich id kunsums; Hans und Fritz iss safeness schust pud \$100 where ve can ged id midoudt enny ku-veschun marks und der kids vill ged vreedumness.

vun which nose."

This new phase of the case completely mystified the already puzzled Sergeant. It showed plainly that some amateur was mixed up in the affair; but why he had not specified a certain time and place to get the money, Murray could not figure out. Some of the officers to whom he showed the note were inclined to regard it as the work of a joker. Murray 'phoned to the central station and two of the best sleuths on the force were sent down to him. All morning they searched for some clew, but without result. Even the two sailors had disappeared as mysteriously and suddenly as if the earth had opened up and swallowed them. About three o'clock that afternoon, Hinkerton, the veteran, landed the giant, Adolph, on suspicion. The big fellow it seemed was still angry about the way Hans and Fritz had so often tricked him, and so Hinkerton concluded that he was revenging himself by holding the kids for a couple of days to scare them. He thought a few hours' sojourn at the station would wring a confession of their whereabouts from the big fellow, but the giant refused to talk.

Late that night, Sergeant Casey, Detective Mullen and five or six stalwart policemen, were seated around the sergeant's desk in the station house discussing the Katzenjammer mystery, when "Happy" Hooligan, the target of every man on the force, staggered into the room puffing from exhaustion. The ever vigilant guardians of the peace concluded that the unfortunate Hooligan had committed another desperate crime and had come to deliver himself to justice, but they were mis-

taken. "If yuse foller me," he gasped out between breaths, "I'll show yuse where de kids is." They were on their feet in a moment. Sergeant Casey, however, was suspicious.

"What!" he screamed, "you show us where they are. Huh!" He believed "Happy" was hatching some deep plot to revenge himself on the "Cops," but the poor fellow protested so earnestly he resolved to try him. Detailing one of the men to remain at the desk, Casey ordered the others to prepare for a desperate struggle. So armed, and with Hooligan in the lead, the gallant officers set forth to do or die.

About a block away from the Katzenjammer home, was a small one-story cottage which had been unoccupied for some time, and to this spot Hooligan led the squad. He told Mullen he had seen the youngsters in there, and had rushed down to report the news at headquarters. The men now firmly believed with Casey that they had been led into a trap, or that "Happy" had had an hallucination. The sergeant determined to try the place, anyway, so the men taking all necessary precautions surrounded the house, while Casey approached the door revolver in hand, and called out in a loud voice for all to surrender in the name of the law. In a few seconds a little curly-haired chap appeared in the doorway. It was Fritz. "Ve iss kumin," he said "schust vas makin' a choke on ma, aindt id, Hans," he asked the other at his side.

"Yah, das iss isht," said Hans, smiling. Casey and his band then entered the house to search for the would-be kidnappers, but found only the two discomfortless sailors sitting in a corner of the cellar nursing their wrath against the dreaded cherubs above. The officers were astonished. What had become of the kidnappers? The captain, however, soon put them on the right track.

"Gast my bow, mate, and shiver my timber," says he to Casey, "dose kids ought to be strung up on the yard arm." Then he went on to clear the mystery. Hans and Fritz wanted to get even with the captain and Jake for some reason, and so had hidden in the house with the intention of enticing them within and then locking them in the cellar. Their plan had succeeded admirably, and they would doubtless have continued the joke awhile longer, if "Happy" had not stumbled on their presence. And thus the Katzenjammer mystery was cleared. For his help in solving it, Hooligan was promised immunity from arrest for one week. As to Mamma Katzenjammer—well the meeting between her and the prodigal kids was a very touching and affective one, and will probably be long remembered by them.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Notre Dame, Indiana, April 16, 1904.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at Notre Dame University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: THE EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Notre Dame, Indiana.

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—The members of the Oberlin debating team are here and we greet them. They are welcome to everything at Notre Dame except, of course, victory in this evening's contest. The debate has involved long and arduous preparation and promises to be of a very high standard. Though defeated by us last year, Oberlin, no doubt, has profited by the experience and returns to the combat with renewed hope and improved methods. Nevertheless we have the utmost confidence that Notre Dame will sustain her hard-earned reputation, will bear the palm. Messrs. Griffin, Lyons and Kanaley, you have proved your worth so far and we wish you success. We do so most cordially, for we know that you will do your best to achieve it honorably.

—Every student should try to cultivate a taste for good poetry. It makes his world bigger and affords him a fruitful means of enjoyment. Who that in his boyhood, by mountain or seashore, has become captive to the great epics, forgets his delight upon first meeting the old mythic heroes? Did he

not help them launch their stately ships and hear the bucklers ring and see Greek Helen or Gaelic Deirdre in the gothic arches made by the branches of the trees hard by? And because he has marched to the rhythmic beat of some great poet, his verse now flows and he has other recompense that often makes him forego and forget sordid things. Let a boy learn to like poetry and many are the happy hours before him.

—The value of the present issue is much enhanced by Professor Ewing's article on "The Study of History." His is a remarkably pithy and luminous exposition of the subject, and well deserves the attention of the students, in particular of those who have not the privilege of attending his classes. Some students look upon history as a mere incidental in their college course, while, as has been pointed out, it is second in importance and use only to philosophy. Admirable as Professor Ewing's views are, it is not likely they will all meet with general acceptance. Some teachers of history will continue to be charitable to the dead rather than just to the living and to posterity. The spirited effort of the Knights of Columbus in establishing a chair of secular history in Washington will do much to reveal the truth.

—According to the *Springfield Republican* the University of Pennsylvania has among its curios a Buddhist temple, complete in every particular. In this temple Professor Somerville, an erudite scholar of the Orient, attired in the garb of a Buddhist priest, gives lectures on the religion so widespread in the far East and explains its peculiar ceremonies. Many Japanese from Philadelphia and surrounding cities visit this temple and pray for the success of their country in the war with Russia. The Professor conducts the service with all the ritual employed in genuine Buddhist temples, and, it is said, the attendance is constantly increasing. Taking into account the number of cults already established in this country, one more makes very little difference, and as well Buddhism as any other.

—Owing to the Pope's *motu proprio* on church music, organists have begun to conform to the decrees. Some, however, have demurred on the ground of impracticability. There are choirs

that would have to be abolished or else taught the intricacies of the Plain Chant system, and hence the usual programmes of figurative music are still in many cases adhered to. Before we condemn these for their seemingly headstrong action let us quote Haydn, a man whose greatest quality was his piety and whose genius created some of the most "operatic" masses of the modern school. Once when his rather lively melodies gave offence he was asked why he wrote his church compositions in such a strain and replied: "I can not help it; I give forth what is in me. When I think of the Divine Being my heart is so full of joy that the notes fly off as from a spindle, and as I have a cheerful heart He will pardon me if I serve him cheerfully." This seems to be an excellent argument in favor of figurative church music, but it is well to remember that we are not all Haydns and that while his music was of much assistance to him in his devotions, it would be a source of distraction to the greater gart of the faithful.

—The romance harvest of some years back is gone, and as the summer will soon be with us, the reading appetite of young America is to be gratified. If the already ripening crop of juvenile literature is to follow the predicted signs, it will soon rival the older of a few years since, and the little ones will lie low in the summer grass, hidden beneath piles of story-books. Authors stand forth scattering sweets, and it is most desirable that the confection be not injurious. The little men and women should be supplied with the best mind-developers. Give them an abundance that quickens the imagination, strengthens virtue and animates the heart. Let those who write for the little ones remember that theirs is a mission grave as the direction of empire, that theirs is an influence for better or worse. Knowing this, authors should stir themselves to their best and noblest efforts. If they winnow carefully the wheat and provide only the soundest grain, the little boys and girls will thrive and grow good and happy in the vacation sunshine.

—The advocates of evolution hold that the parts of the body that have survived are the ones most essential—which means the survival of the fittest. And adhering somewhat to this belief in the lastingness only of the most-

used and useful, a number of public-spirited writers have registered their fear for the future of man's teeth. Though this condition has not yet been the subject of dental legislation, there is some justification for the apprehension. As breakfast foods become more general in their use and the hurried man becomes more ready to take his nourishment in the capsule form, there results a few conditions that are sufficient cause for consideration. If persons have no hard food to chew their teeth will have no hard work to do, and in the course of a few generations man will have impaired teeth. All this sounds plausible enough; but one is tempted to ask whether these breakfast foods will last for several generations. If man ceases to need his teeth at all, a very large and enterprising profession will be without a livelihood, not to mention man's inconvenience in being unable to bite off the end of his cigar or to chew his toothpick.

—The developments in the Smoot senatorial contest now being carried on before Congress, have shown again a remarkable characteristic of the American people to allow a great crime to be perpetuated in their midst without more than nominal and little-noticed censure until some combination of events forces such a crime or crimes undeniably upon their attention. The circumstances attending the case are of more than ordinary importance. A Senator representing a commonwealth of the Union is elected to a seat in the most important legislative body in America. It is found that he is an officer in a sect that allows plural marriages, and not only this, but he has continued in such office after these practices have been declared unlawful by the law of the land. And the fact is that he became entitled to his position as Senator only after the State he represents had consented to abolish such practices, thereby gaining admittance to the Union. The great question to be settled by the investigating committee is: Was Mr. Smoot aware of such practices of plural marriages among members of his sect? If he was, he undoubtedly should and will be expelled from the Senate. If not, he will probably, if unfavorable sentiment has not gained too strong a foothold, be allowed to retain his seat in the Senate. It is more than a mere political matter—it concerns public morals and deeply-rooted religious principles.

—The economy of time is a consideration of vital importance to every well-meaning student. Often in class is heard the trite excuse: "I am not prepared to-day; I didn't get a chance to study my lesson." Taking it for granted that a student is diligent and is anxious to utilize every moment, the greatest waste of time is due to the lack of system in studying. A mechanic who knows what he is going about and has his work planned ahead of him will accomplish more in one hour than another will in two who simply takes a few tools and begins a task without giving it a moment's forethought.

The student knows that every day he has a fixed amount of labor for each of his classes, and if he merely prepares a recitation at haphazard, picking up the book which he thinks most interesting, he will often find himself undetermined as to the work he will take up first, and even remain idle because no class is particularly pressing. Most of the great intellectual lights we read about were men who had established a regular order of study and had adhered to it without fail. Newman wrote a Latin sentence every day and often made his friends wait while he performed this exercise.

There is a time for all things, and when any task has a time set for its performance it is almost sure to be done. Men have read the whole Bible by applying themselves to it for five minutes every day; what could not be accomplished by all students if they utilized the many spare minutes that slip by unnoticed while they are idly dreaming over their books; wondering what they will do next?

The young student especially, is too prone to comfort himself with the reflection that he has plenty of time for study in the years before him. His life may be long, but experience proves that generally when youth is passed, the time must be devoted to other ends than study. The sooner the student appreciates the value of this ever-fleeting gift the better. Not only should he use it, but he should use it to the very best advantage. The odd moments which have been called the gold dust of life can never be recalled. Industry, punctuality, and system,—these should go hand in hand. The student that combines them is well armed. Though of mediocre ability, he is much more certain of success than is his fellow of far higher talent who lacks these possessions.

Athletic News.

Brownson Hall opened up the regular season last Saturday with the Goshen High School team, winning in five innings by a score of 5 to 4. The visitors put up a fast, snappy game in the field and compelled Brownson to fight hard for every score. The local men outbatted them however, and timely hits by Pryor, Murphy and McDermott scored enough runs to win out. MacDermott, although a trifle wild, twirled a nice game for Brownson, allowing but one hit. Score by innings:

Goshen—0 0 2 2 0=4 1 3

Brownson—0 3 2 0 *=5 4 3

Batteries—B., McDermott and O'Connell; Goshen, Becknell and Crow.

* *

SOUTH BEND, 6; NOTRE DAME, 5.

The practice series with the South Bend Central League men opened up last Monday. The Greens captured the opening game, but the cold, raw weather made it impossible for either team to show anything of their true form. O'Gorman, Burns and Alderman were on the firing line for Notre Dame and did as well as could be expected under the circumstances. Moffitt and Ferguson pitched for South Bend, but did not exert themselves to any great extent. The Greens appear to be a bunch of fast, clever ball players, and will no doubt make things lively for the Central League teams this season. Jinks—the wonderfully mysterious Jinks—was the star performer.

South Bend—0 1 0 0 3 2=6 10 2

Notre Dame—1 3 0 1 0 0=5 4 4

Batteries—N. D., O'Gorman, Burns, Alderman and Antoine; South Bend, Moffitt, Ferguson and Andrews. Umpire, Coffey.

* *

SOUTH BEND, 8; NOTRE DAME, 5.

The second game also went to the Leaguers, but Capt. Stephan's men showed up better with the stick than in the opening contest. Cold weather again greeted the players, nevertheless, the contest was an interesting one. "Nig" Ruehlbach twirled the first few innings and gave the rooters cause to rejoice by his display of speed and shoots. Alderman, the south paw, also made a good impression. McInerny, Ruehlbach, Shaughnessy and O'Neill did some heavy hitting in the third inning. McInerny scored three hits out of three times up, one of them a home run.

The Varsity, taken as a whole, played good ball, but their team work is still below the standard.

South Bend—1 3 0 1 2 0 1=8 9 5

Notre Dame—2 0 2 0 1 0 0=5 7 4

Batteries—Ruehlbach, Alderman and Farabaugh; Schaffer, Wilson and Tieman. Umpire, Coffey.

NOTRE DAME, 9; SOUTH BEND, 4.

Thursday's exhibition was by far the best of the week. Grant's Colts led off with four runs in the first inning, but that ended their scoring. From that time on Ruehlbach held them at his mercy. The big fellow pitched a masterly game, and hit in good style. With a little more control he will undoubtedly prove a stumbling block to college batsmen during the coming season. The weather was a little more comfortable than on the previous days, and as a result the play throughout was faster and cleaner. The team work, too, was good, and the hitting—well, eight runs and seven hits in one inning is not so bad. That rally in the eighth was good. It shows the Varsity men to be fighters to the last, and with such a spirit we are sure of winning. Shaughnessy, McInerney, Antoine and Salmon carried off the batting honors. Antoine seems to have improved considerably over his last year's form. The Leaguers are very wary of his whip and hang tenaciously to the bags when he is behind the mask.

South Bend—4 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0=4 5 3

Notre Dame—0 0 0 1 0 0 0 8 *=9 14 0

Batteries—N. D., Ruehlbach and Antoine; South Bend, Schaeffer, Newjay and Tieman. Umpire, Coffey.

NOTRE DAME, 7; SOUTH BEND, 0.

Captain Stephan's men applied the white-wash method to the Central League Stars in Wednesday's game, and scored 7 runs themselves. The northwest wind again reigned supreme over Cartier Field, and was cool and chilling enough to dampen the ardor of even the most enthusiastic fan, but the Varsity men seemed to be little troubled by it and put up a fairly strong game. They hit the ball at a good clip, and while the fielding was a little ragged at times, the chilly atmosphere was doubtless the cause of it. O'Neill, who was laid up some time ago with a split finger, made his first appearance and handled himself well. Sam "Deacon" O'Gorman dished up the benders to Grant's men, and completely

puzzled them, as but one hit was secured off his delivery. Burns, the south paw, also pitched a couple of innings and held the Leaguers safe at all times.

South Bend—0 0 0 0 0 0 0=0 2 3

Notre Dame—3 0 2 1 1 0=7 6 3

Notre Dame—O'Gorman, Burns, and Medley. South Bend—Moffitt, Ferguson and Andrews. Umpire—Coffey.

Manager Kenefick of Brownson baseball team has completed his schedule for this season. It is:

April 19—S. B. Reserves at Notre Dame

" 23—St. Joe High School at N. D.

" 24—Cosmp. Stars at Notre Dame

" 28—Benton Harbor at Benton Harbor

" 30—Kalamazoo at Notre Dame

May 1—Holy Cross at Notre Dame

" 8—K. and S. at Notre Dame

" 15—Carroll at Notre Dame

" 19—Kalamazoo at Kalamazoo

" 26—Sorin at Notre Dame

" 30—Michigan City at Michigan City

June 5—St. Joe Hall at Notre Dame

" 9—Corby at Notre Dame

A game is also pending with Englewood or Hyde Park teams of Chicago. The managers of the other Hall teams are requested to hand in their schedules as soon as possible.

J. P. O'REILLY.

The Junior Banquet.

College students above all desire novelty. In order to stimulate greater industry they introduce into the daily routine a bit of freshness which assimilated helps to bring about better results.

After a long winter's toil, the class of '05 spent a holiday in the quaint old town of Niles. It was indeed a gala occasion for the Juniors, and we fear a galling time for the "Nihilists." Every characteristic of the day—beginning with the car-ride and ending only at nightfall—was novel, unusual, extraordinary. The little Michigan town sliced in twain by the St. Joe awoke on that first spring morning in 1904 from its accustomed lethargy to receive and entertain the visitors. The most interesting and unique feature of the day, both to participants and outsiders, was the toasts and responses. The reader can best realize the diligence with which the speeches were prepared and the feeling with which they were delivered when he scans the following:

TOASTS AND RESPONSES.

- L. J. Salmon, Toastmaster.
 The Water Wagon by W. A. Stevens.
 German Wit by J. R. Voight.
 Faithfulness of Pegasus by J. J. Sherry.
 We'll Stick (Class Motto) by V. V. Rayneri.
 My Native Land by S. S. Trevino.
 My Kentucky Experience (Quotation) by J. C. O'Neill.
 Xmas Boxes on 3d Flat by J. W. O'Neill.
 The Fairy of the 1st Flat by Jos. J. Cullinan.
 Our Prospects by C. J. Kennedy.
 The Chorus by W. D. Jamison.
 Niles Society by B. S. Fahey.
 Art in Niles by John L. Worden.
 Friendship by H. M. Kemper.
 Friends by D. L. O'Connor.
 Class of '05 by James R. Record.

 Personals.

—The Reverend Charles Stuer, the zealous Pastor of the Belgian Congregation, Mishawaka, Ind., made on Easter Monday a call on his many friends at the University.

—Prof. J. P. Lauth (B. A. '66), a well-known and prominent citizen of Chicago, afforded much pleasure to relatives and friends at Notre Dame by paying them a visit at Easter.

—Reverend R. J. Cullen of Cameron, Mo., paid a short visit to the University last Wednesday. The reverend gentleman was very favorably impressed with Notre Dame, and promises to pay another visit in the near future.

—Mr. Aloysius Winter, one of Pittsburg's leading citizens, visited his sons, W. J. and A. A. Winter of Corby Hall, last week. While at the University he presented to Reverend Father Corbett a magnificent ciborium for Saint Andrew's Chapel. The gift was in memory of his young son, Henry, lately deceased. Through these columns Father Corbett takes opportunity again to thank the donor for his munificence.

—Hon. Joseph J. Cooke (Law, '96), who has just been chosen candidate for State Senator by the Democratic Convention of Cass County, Illinois, is one of the leading lawyers in that section of the state. For several years he has ably filled the position of city attorney of Beardstown. His zeal and diligence in student

days gave promise of a bright future. He has made a creditable record, and deserves to be elected by a record-breaking majority.

—Visitors' Registry:—Miss Agnes Kasper, Miss Lydia G. Kirch, D. J. Lyons, J. W. Donahoe, Miss Angelina Kemper, Mrs. A. W. Cartier, A. E. Cartier, M. Polk, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. A. P. Nelson, Rockford, Ill.; Mrs. Charles Wendt, Miss Caro Griffin, Miss Mildred Babcock, Miss F. Oaff, South Bend; Miss Hazel Frame, Warsaw, Ind.; Miss May Murray, Patterson, N. J.; Miss Cora Sleasberger, Miss F. Benbaum, Elkhart, Ind.; Mrs. F. Bradway, Des Moines, Iowa; Mrs. A. Voiss, St. Joseph, Mo.; M. A. Streit, Ashton, Iowa.

—Mr. Hugh O'Neill (B. A. and LL. M. '95) affords a striking example of what energy and industry can accomplish. In addition to meeting the requirements of an extensive practice at the Chicago bar, he takes occasion to write incidentally from time to time strong and instructive articles on current topics, and these are widely published in newspapers and magazines. His paper on "Irish Oratory and Orators" in the March No. of *The Catholic Review of Reviews* is creditable to him as a writer and replete with valuable information.

 Local Items.

LOST:—A copy of Cicero's Orations (Allen and Greenough). Finder, please return it to room 88, Sorin Hall.

—The evening of April 27 the Faculty will be tendered a reception by the students of Brownson Hall. An arrangement committee is hard at work, and the affair is likely to prove a grand success.

—The Notre Dame representative of the United States Weather Bureau, in the person of J. W. Orden has officially announced that Spring is here and signally exemplified it by appearing last Thursday morning minus headgear.

—Mr. George Hug of Indianapolis has presented to the Library in memory of his mother, Mrs. Christina Hug, who was also a benefactress of Notre Dame, ten elegantly bound volumes of the "Great Orations of the World."

—The Latin-American club will hold its entertainment about the end of the present month. This society is one of the largest at Notre Dame and includes in its membership not a few students of high musical and histrionic ability. The talent and enthusiasm of the members and their thorough and elab-

orate preparations lead us to believe that the coming event will be one of the most successful ever held here.

—At a recent meeting of the Notre Dame Tennis Club the following officers were elected: Leo J. Dwan, President; Arthur S. Funk, Vice-President; and F. J. Loughran Secretary and Treasurer. A couple of courts will be laid out in the early part of the next week. Those wishing to join the club should hand their names to the Secretary.

—The opening games of the baseball season have brought forth a little desultory rooting but no evidence of organized effort. The schedule of college games for this year is unusually strong, and although we should carefully avoid any discourtesy to visiting teams, on the other hand we should cheer on more enthusiastically our own team.

—During the editor's absence last week Mr. Francis F. Dukette had charge of this paper. Mr. Dukette is the veteran of the staff, and of course found nothing new or very difficult in his recent experience. His willingness to oblige a friend, which is in keeping with his many other admirable qualities, is all the more appreciated because of the numerous pressing demands on his time.

—A certain locality of our village was startled the other evening by the astounding statement that a member of the astronomy class had discovered a new companion to Jupiter and that it was fast resolving itself into a nebula. Further investigation revealed the fact that the gazer had accidentally placed within the field of his telescope the butt of his cigarette.

—Mr. James Connor of Rock Island, Ill., and an old student of Notre Dame, brought back from Europe lately some valuable art specimens and presented them to his Alma Mater. The gifts, which consist of four Flemish paintings, may be seen in the Library where many other interesting collections are stored. Mr. Connor's thoughtfulness and generosity are appreciated.

—The rill that connects the two lakes at Notre Dame suggests the romantic beauty and picturesqueness of the renowned spot where rises the Rhine of the Vaterland. The rhythmic note of the stream as it flows over the rocky surface bubbling into a mass of "meershaum" is certainly conducive to the spreading of inspiration for spring poetry. It needs not a seer to tell us that this spot will be a favorite haunt for the summer lad "knee-deep in June."

—At the first meeting of the senior class held Wednesday night a vote of thanks was passed signifying the pleasure of the class for the admirable way in which the carriage arrangements and service were provided by Mr. Thomas Millea. Although almost every

public carriage in South Bend was pressed into service there were few delays or inconveniences, and this did much to contribute to the general smoothness with which all the plans concerning the ball were carried out.

—We respectfully suggest that those engaged in beautifying the lawn have a few signs made bearing the familar greeting, "Keep off the grass." Perhaps then some of the students who have been in the habit of making paths across the lawn will take the hint and use the regular laid-out walks in the future. There can be found no more beautiful grounds than here at Notre Dame. But a whole score of laborers can not keep the parterre in condition unless the students do their part.

—Don't forget the Oberlin Debate which takes place in Washington Hall this evening. Notre Dame has in the past been undefeated in the debating field; and this year we have in Messrs. Griffin, Lyons, and Kanaley, a strong trio who we confidently expect will bring honors again to Notre Dame. The Oberlin team has already, in debate on the same subject, defeated the representatives of Ohio State and of West Virginia. So to us victory will be the more glorious or defeat the less bitter.

—The usual feeling of security at the University was strengthened last Thursday morning as the fire department of South Bend made us a call and located the various hydrants stationed within the grounds. Though we were glad to see the company here we hope its services will never be required. The visit, however, brought to our minds the fact that the local department seems rather slow in organizing this year. Were it not well that the chief make his appointments and begin the regular drill soon?

—At Wednesday's meeting of the Parliamentary Society closed a most interesting debate that had been continued throughout three regular meetings. The question under discussion was: "Resolved, That the moral sympathy of the United States should be extended to Russia in her present war." Carefully prepared speeches were delivered on both sides of the question, and unusual attention was paid to the arguments presented. After the decision, which was in favor of the affirmative, the members of the society were called upon for short speeches, and personal opinion was about divided. A literary programme will be given next week.

—On account of the debate with Oberlin this evening, the Moot-Court was held last Wednesday. The case of Black *versus* Michigan Central RR., a \$15,000 damage suit, was resumed for trial, it not having been finished at the previous session of the court. After the arguments by the attorneys, the court gave a decision in favor of the plaintiff.

and awarded \$8000 damages. Messrs. Proctor and Shaughnessy appeared for plaintiff, and Messrs. Conboy and Mahony for defendant company. At the next session Mr. N. Furlong will argue a new trial, and Mr. F. Lonergan will institute proceedings in chancery. These cases will be followed by a criminal case, which will occupy the attention of the court for several evenings.

—The famous Kahler and Great Windy Railway was opened last Friday without the ceremonies usually observed on such occasions. For some time past it has been reported that the rolling stock in this road had been watered by the recent heavy rains. The officers of the road believing that water stock could not be pushed too soon, determined to push or slide the first train around the curves without delay. Superintendent Archambolt called to their assistance Conductor Black and Engineer Mathis, and the first train was soon on its way and off the track. Unfortunately none of the dogs were injured by the accident. To insure rapid transit the railroad officials carried cross-bars and walked behind the trains.

—Just a week ago the members of the Freshman class organized. This move had been proposed several times during the year, but on each occasion a leader was wanting. A meeting was announced in all the Halls, and on Wednesday night about seventy-five students attended. Byrne Daly called the meeting to order, having been elected chairman. Later this same gentleman was elected president of the organization by a unanimous vote. J. T. Keefe was appointed Vice-President; R. J. Dashbach, Secretary; E. McDonald, Treasurer; S. O'Gorman, Class Poet; H. Murphy, Class Historian; P. A. Beacom, Sergeant-at-Arms; and E. O'Flynn, Class Orator. The following were appointed to serve on the executive committee: E. Conway, R. Bracken, J. Wadden, W. Perce, and A. O'Connell. The entertainment committee is composed of J. Scales, G. Ziebold, W. Whalen, J. W. Sheehan.

—A certain business man of the neighboring city, wishing to advertise his name and goods, modelled a beautiful settee, painted it green, as if to catch the eye of some son of Erin, and placed it in view of the Stile. All about it the sweet song birds and picturesque scenes charm the town-goers that gather there and patiently await the coming of the car. It was in a convenient place where strolling youths might rest their weary limbs and bask in the sunshine while they cast long, lingering glances up the avenue or artistically carved their names for the admiration of—well, say the public, upon its painted back. But the advertiser who placed the article there quite forgot—forgot that the stalwart sons of Brownson reside within half a mile of the spot; forgot to chain the railroad track to

the beautiful settee, and as a consequence the latter now adorns the campus yonder. No one knows how it came there, no one could guess; but "Murph" says it looks, "Oh, very well," indeed much better than when he saw it at St. Mary's crossing.

—The "Big Four" League opened up very auspiciously last Sunday morning on the League grounds in the presence of a large and enthusiastic rooter (Streckfust). At 9 a. m. sharp Taprell's orchestra (himself and a new mouth-organ) struck up the enlivening strains of "In the Sweet Bye, etc.," and the two teams fell in line for the parade. First came the Hon. A. Nonpareil P. III in a wheelbarrow drawn by force and beautifully decorated with mud and whitewash. Next came Sr. John Rodruegizar M. de Oca, the official scorer of the league and a recognized authority on shirt waists. His conduct on parade was perfect and elicited much applause from the players. He was closely followed by Athletics, who carried the pitcher's box in his right hand and had his left in his pocket. Then came the members of the two teams wearing artificial bouquets and regulation 4-inch smiles. They paraded three times around the Gym and then criss-crossed over to the ball grounds where, after a little preliminary exercise, Nonpareil III threw the ball away and the game was on. The game was nip-and-tuck up to last few innings when the Rudy's forged ahead and won out 10-7. And now a few words about the players. Capt. Reisner did all that was expected of him and more. In the fourth inning with three men on bases and two out, he knocked a high foul, and in the sixth inning he stopped a ball. The two McDermotts covered all the territory between Mechanics' Hall and Cartier Field and covered themselves with much mud and glory. Captain Lantry in the pitcher's box was a decided success. He has Elgin movement, and in delivering the ball usually swings his arm at an angle of 69° from the butcher's shop and then throws it over the backstop. He also displayed cunning footwork and a new collar button. Stopshort Uhrick's work also won applause from the rooter. In the second inning he came near scoring a putout, and in the fourth stopped a man from going to third. The chief feature of the game was the head work of Rush and the stick work of McCarthy. McCarthy, the first man up for the Rudys, knocked a home-run, and Rush, first up for the Rag Tails, ran home. Casualties:

R. Jays	—4	1	0	1	0	3	1=10	113	0
R. Tails	—0	2	1	2	1	1	0=7	96	1

Batteries—(Kept a secret for political reasons). Good stops—Reisner, 1; Campbell, 0. Struck out, 6; put out, Streckfust; knocked out, Rush. High fouls—Captain Lantry, 4; Addix, 6; Reisner, 1. Stolen bases—All of them. Umpires—3. Nuff sed. Note:—The board of Control of the "Big Four" League is considering the application of Jinks, the phenomenal mystery, now playing with the Greens.